

THE WASHINGTON DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Child Needs Father In Education

Growing Girl Needs the Man's Point of View Just as the Boy Needs That of Woman—Sharing of Family Responsibility.

By WINIFRED BLACK.

HURRAH! There's a Father's Club in Illinois, and the governor of the State is president of it. I wish they'd invite me to come to one of their meetings. I'd go a long way to do it.

What do you suppose they talk about—what shall we do with our girls and how shall we manage our boys? I'd like to hear what they have to say.

I don't see why it isn't a father's business to help the mother of his children bring these children up. Every man in the world, except an American, does take a practical interest in the education and training not only of his boys, but of his girls.

Tell the average Englishman that he ought to leave the bringing up of the children to his wife and he'll stare you out of countenance in blank amazement.

The average German father knows more about his boy's work, and his play, and his boy's companion, and his boy's hopes and fears and chances than the average American mother knows.

And the French father who left the entire education and home training of his children to their mother, would consider himself absolutely lacking in his duty, not only to his family, but his country.

"A Deal of Responsibility."

A boy needs a father just as much as he needs a mother, and so does a girl.

The feminine point of view is too one-sided to do for a whole education.

I know a woman whose husband pays absolutely no attention to his family. He sends that family a good big check every month, and the other day, when I met him, he knew that I had recently seen his children, he asked—without the least shame or feeling of disgrace—how those children were growing up, and I told him.

"Well," said I, "Jimmy is a fine lad, a very fine lad. He broke his leg, you know, in the football game. His mother was a good deal worried about it. I don't think the doctor who set his leg did just the right thing."

"Did you know about Mary's love affair?" Oh, yes, she's only sixteen, but she wanted to run away with a movie actor she met when she went to visit some cousins. Her mother had an awful time about it. Joe's a fine little fellow—a real genius is Joe—but he's stubborn and willful, and sometimes he's very hard to manage. I wish there was a man in the family to take some responsibility of him."

"Do you remember your Uncle George?" He's very fond of the children. He's hardly the right influence for a growing boy, do you think?"

"Mary's a good deal worried about whether she ought to take a larger house, so that she can entertain for the children as they grow up and have them meet the right people, and so forth, or whether she ought to economize and save that money to help send the oldest boy to college."

"The consumptions a girl makes when she's young have a great deal to do with her whole life, you know. Mary sent the two other children to public school, but now she thinks maybe the private school would be better for the two younger children. They seem to need more individual training and more time. It's a good deal of responsibility deciding all these things alone."

Father's Club Idea.

I hope the man who sends his wife a good, big check every month and thinks he's through with his responsibility is glad he asked me to tell him about his children.

He knows a good deal more about them than he did before he asked.

"He also knows a good deal more about what his wife has to do to take care of them, besides pay bills."

How can a woman bring up a boy alone?

How can she tell him all the things he ought to know, and half of the things he wants to know, when she doesn't know them herself?

How can a woman bring up a girl alone and not make her over-feminine and over-sensitive and over-fussy to live in a great big world that is a good deal more than half masculine?

The growing girl needs the man's point of view just as the growing boy needs the woman's point of view.

"Male and female created He them," and it is not just a boy or girl to be brought up by either a man or a woman—entirely.

Hurrah for the Father's Club of Illinois. I wish they'd start a Father's Club in every State, and that every man with children of his own would join it. It would help some.

The Pageant.

Bright in the skin of time gleam many strands. I have chosen those of flame, of fire, of rich, luxuriant gold.

And those whose beauty lies in their clear strength.

My will it is to weave them strand on strand.

Tracing the course of learning through the years.

In one close-wrought design. All those who come.

Shall come before this fabric, ages old.

Shaped by past lives in symmetry and truth.

And glowing in design so well begun.

Thenceforth shall add thereto. And this my web.

Shall weaving be forever, never done.

HAZEL MACKAYE.

Parting.

There was no silent, sober-eyed farewell. No parting where roads met. We were as two.

Who came to walk together for a way.

Till the snifter-footed time before.

And, as the high road turns, is lost to view.

—Miriam Veddes.

T. Gobbler Holds Reception at Center Market In Bower of Cranberries, Celery, and Flowers

Turkeys For Flat Dwellers, Boarding House Keepers, Hotel Keepers, Families of All Shapes and Sizes, and Mere Couples, to Be Had.

His Majesty, Bronze T. Gobbler, requests the pleasure of your presence at Seventh street and Pennsylvania avenue on November 23 and 24, 1915, from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

The host and all the members of his family will be modestly dressed for the Thanksgiving reception. From all indications the receiving line will be unusually long, and a distinguished assemblage has already signified its intention of attending.

—Social Note.

This invitation has not been posted on the walls of Center Market or sent wholesale through the mails, but it might as well be.

FOR ALL THE crowds thronging the dingy brick building on the Avenue these days, Washingtonians of all races, colors, and political affiliations are devoting themselves to the newest and most popular sport—turkey tracking. Preferably roast turkey, stuffed with oysters or bread crumbs or chestnuts, but turkey at any cost.

Just at present, Turkey in its delectable state is attracting most comment. Apparently a goodly proportion of Washington's population is preparing to do honor to the American national fowl, judging by the admiring crowds that surge through the Center Market daily.

TO advise me as to how I should treat the situation.

S. L. S.

My dear little girl, if you really love the boy, so very much it seems to me that you are making much difference could a name make to you if you really loved him? The real test is that that friend of his is angry about his name. If he is really your friend, he will readily forgive you and let the matter drop. However, if he pays no attention to your apology, just make up your mind to forget the whole incident—your friend included.

Dear Annie Laurie—I am a young girl of sixteen years, and have been keeping company with a young man for some time. I had an engagement with him for one evening this week and made another engagement for the same evening with another man.

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Look at tongue! If feverish, bilious, constipated, take no chances.

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm tender stomach, liver, bowels.

Don't scold your fretful, peevish child. See if tongue is coated; this is a sure sign of little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with sour waste.

TURKEY TRUTHS

Most of the turkeys sold at Center Market come from Maryland and Virginia.

The price ranges from 25 to 28 cents a pound, a slight decrease over last year.

The weight runs from five pounds to thirty.

The average family buys a turkey weighing about twelve pounds, with an average cost of \$3.36 per bird.

A turkey that has been killed two days is in the best condition for the table.

How to tell a good turkey. Color must be rich cream. Breast bone must give under thumb punch. Skin must break easily.

A dry picked turkey is better than a hot picked turkey.

to admire, to pinch, to price, and finally to buy.

Does anyone believe that Washington's people and Washington's markets haven't a distinct entity? Let any such scoffers devote an hour to earnest observation in the general neighborhood of Seventh street and Pennsylvania avenue.

In color, race, manners, and customs Washington is cosmopolitan.

The Center Market isn't Northern and isn't Southern, nor yet Eastern nor Western. Of course the Southern dwells predominates, but one is just as likely to hear the incisive speech of a Westerner or the half-elided "r" of the Bostonian.

Quite a number of the wives of foreign ambassadors in Washington take great pride in doing their own marketing and the quaintness of recent ads still more variety to the habble of sound.

And color? The patrons and the dealers themselves range all the way from midnight black on up through chocolate color, coffee color, tan, cream and plain white.

Just as the assemblage of all nations on the face of the earth makes Cairo, Cairo, and like unto no place else, does our own Center Market through the convention of people from the North, South, East and West, with enough of Europe thrown in to make it complete, sound a distinctive note of its own.

The stalls under the Center Market roof are the least individual part. Any city could easily duplicate the neat rows of vegetables, flower shops and stalls of meat and fowls. For true local color one must stay in the open air, edging along the uneven rows of country wagons or sniffing incense from spicy odors from freshly-opened barrels.

Everywhere people are looking for turkeys. Outside the farmers have their laid out one by one on the stands. Inside the dealers' stock in trade ranges from seven to twenty pounds.

Flat-dwellers can be identified at once among the prospective celebrants of Thanksgiving. Their chief concern is with the weight and not the price of the birds.

It is probable that the kind of poultry raisers are putting the smaller fowls on the market with direct reference to that large percentage of Americans whose Thanksgiving celebration would center about a common barnyard bird if five-pound turkeys weren't provided for their special benefit.

Prudent housekeepers always inquire the price before they decide upon the weight of their investment, for anything as epochal as the purchase of the Thanksgiving turkey must not be hurriedly consummated. In fact, the

choice is only made after most of the stands have been inspected and prices and values compared.

According to dealers who have specialized in turkeys for years, the average Washington family indulges in a bird between ten and fifteen pounds in weight. This is according to expert opinion, turkey at its best—not too small to be bony, not too large to be tough.

Even at \$4.20 it is the consensus of opinion that turkey in its prime is worth the price.

Where do most of the Washington turkeys come from? Virginia and Maryland mostly. A few claimants for Boston and New York.

The process of selling turkeys offers a study in contrasts. The farmers at stands outside part with their almost reluctantly. Everyone who has ever tried to raise a flock knows what difficulties beset the would-be turkey magnate.

Each fowl brought to plump and tender maturity represents a distinct triumph, not to be sold until there has been a certain amount of negotiating. Inside, a dealer sells a turkey as readily as an ordinary duck.

Outside, the sale of a turkey is a colossal matter.

Turkey is not the only thing needed for the Thanksgiving celebration. "Cranberries and pumpkins, yes, and turnips and onions and celery and sweet Virginia yams are needed to make the feast complete.

The selection of one pumpkin from the hundreds lining the street is almost as serious a matter as the choice of a turkey. It is surely second in importance, to say nothing of weight.

The reddish of cranberries must be selected, every berry meaning an additional taste of tartness. Scarcely numbers bent with rheumatism and age, measure them out, careful that none roll away under the stands beyond recovery.

Last of all, what would the dinner be without gay flowers or berries on the table? Sun, but plebeian chrysanthemums stuffed into buckets fill every available inch not occupied by edibles.

Old, old women hold out stiff bunches of red berries on brown trays, brightened with green laurel. Aisle of dull crimson leaves open unexpected forest vistas.

Scarcely thorny boughs of holly stuck carefully in tin pitchers suggest future celebrations. After all, the decorations and the cranberries and the pumpkins are but the background. Always foremost, serenely sure of his sovereignty, is His Majesty, T. Gobbler.

Cheapest Underwear Most Healthful and Too Much Clothing Harmful

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG.

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CLOTHING, more particularly woolen underwear, is almost universally worn to keep you warm. When some people suffer a cough, a "cold," or are chilled temporarily from some malady, they exhibit a tendency to rush to "woolens" as a measure of warmth and protection against wind and weather.

There is a depth of fallacy in this only equalled by the related one of wearing flannel. The proof of this is to be found in your hands and face, which, exposed to cold and moisture, have proved to be well able to take care of themselves. Indeed, the skin is thoroughly qualified by its very texture to be well content without thick, heavy, closely meshed or absorbent arrangements of any sort.

The neck and throat, anatomical parts which stand midway between the uncovered and the all-too-well-clad areas are testimony to both the evils and the needlessness of wool and flannel. Individuals given to wearing heavy collars and high or thick neckpieces are very prone most susceptible to tonsillitis, sore throat and laryngitis. They fall ill with such maladies frequently, whereas the collarless, open-shirted sons of toil, whose throats and chests are as nude as marble, know not the meaning of a "sore throat." All of which points to the prospective increase in the number of throat diseases in the fashions of this winter.

Man, even when he is not engaged in aggressive muscular exertions, emits from his skin water, various gases, oils and heat. Under ordinary atmospheric conditions this is absorbed and evaporated by the air. If the weighty wool, of which much underwear is made, is tight to the skin there is little or no chance for "respiratory exchange" or automatic regulation of the skin's temperature and moisture to take place.

In sheep, fur-bearing animals and feathered creatures, the "underwear" is open and porous, and thus allows the heat of the animal and the cold outside to filter out and in and to intermingle gradually and slowly.

The skin should never be so completely blanketed that it has its adaptability to rapid changes of temperature shut out. Wool and flannel do just this. Thin, loose, cool, open-pored underwear not only permits the skin to perform its instinctive functions, but really encourages it to do so. This cannot be said of the former.

The best underwear, strange to say, is the cheapest and least enduring. The most hygienic and healthful sort is that which soon wears out. It is undeniably superior to the more expensive cumbersome, burdensome, and benighted sort.

Underwear cannot last too short a time. If it could be made as cheaply and thrown away as easily as paper doilies, paper napkins or paper handkerchiefs, it would be all the better for your health and happiness.

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely and that is to dissolve it. This destroys it entirely. To do this, just get about four ounces of plain, ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring, use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching and digging of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be fluffy, lustrous, glossy, silky, and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. It is inexpensive, and four ounces is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

Adv.

PERSONAL ADVICE.

Readers desiring advice should remember:

1. To address inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirshberg, care of The Washington Times.
2. To enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if a personal reply is desired.

Try This If You Have Dandruff

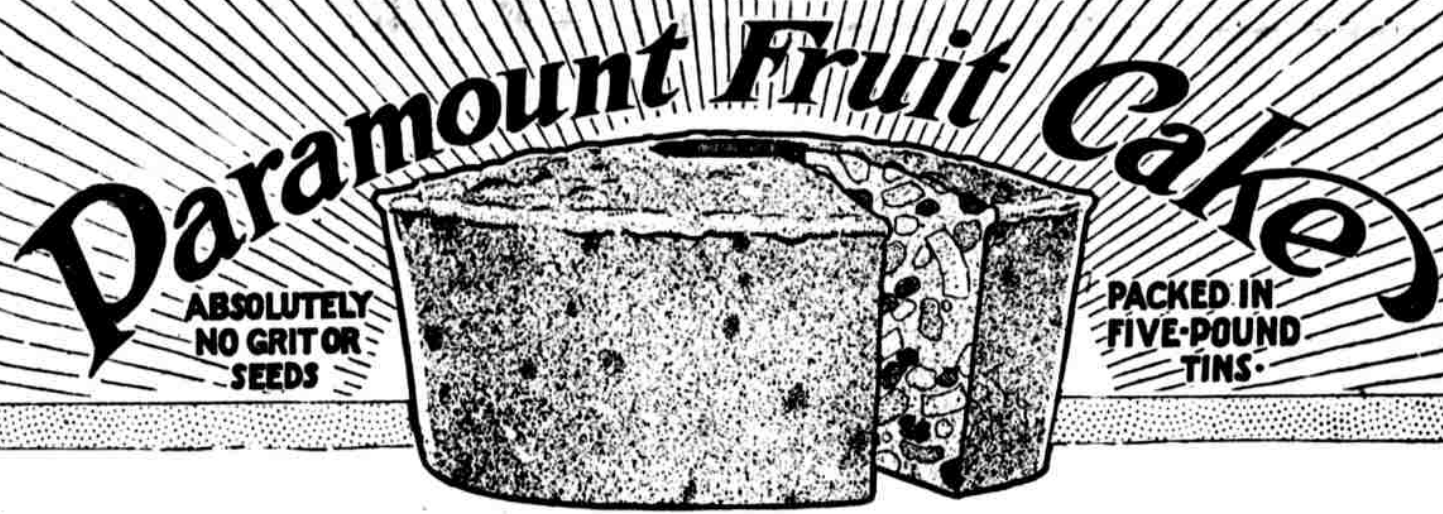
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Adv.



A Fitting Finish for the Thanksgiving Feast

From the first taste you'll pronounce PARAMOUNT FRUIT CAKE delicious! Good reason: it represents the culmination of years of experience in the baking art. Nearly two months ago it left the oven and time has blended its goodness and enhanced its deliciousness.

Its ingredients were assembled from all parts of the world; almonds from Valencia in Spain, walnuts from Bordeaux in France, and dates from Turkey, currants from Greece, pineapples from Hawaii, Fancy Drained Citron and juicy red cherries from California. It was made with pure country butter, strictly guaranteed shell eggs, and best patent flour. With the care and attention we gave its making, there is little wonder that we have produced the Aristocrat of Cakedom.

PARAMOUNT FRUIT CAKE is to be had in five-pound metal boxes, so constructed that they can be re-sealed after opening, always preserving the delicious flavor.

Order your PARAMOUNT FRUIT CAKE right now.

"We Make Our Cakes as Good as We Can and Sell Them as Reasonable as Possible"

E. GUNDERSHEIMER & SONS,

146-147-159-160 Center Market 22 and 32 Arcade Market
Bakery, 516 2d St. N. W. Phone Connections

